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FREDERIC THOMAS BLANCHARD
ENDOWMENT FUND

ROBIN HOOD;

OR,
SHERWOOD FOREST:

A
COMIC OPERA.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL,

IN
COVENT-GARDEN.

BY LEONARD MACNALLY, Esq.

The FIFTH EDITION,

WITH ALTERATIONS, AND ADDITIONS;

AS IT IS NOW PERFORMED.

L O N D O N :

Printed by J. ALMON, at No. 182, Fleet-Street,

1787.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN, Residents in the Forest.

1784.

1787.

Robin Hood, Captain of the Outlaw Archers, — —	Mr. DAVIES.	Mr. BOWDEN.
Little John, his Friend and Bow-bearer, — —	Mr. QUICK.	Mr. QUICK.
Scarlet, a principal Outlaw, —	Mr. BRETT.	Mr. BROWN.
Bowman, another Outlaw,	Mr. CUBIT.	Mr. CUBIT.
Outlaws and Archers, —	{ Mr. DARLEY. Mr. DOYLE	Mr. DARLEY. Mr. DOYLE.
Allen-a-Dale, the Shepherd of the Forest, — — —	Mrs. KENNEDY.	Mrs. KENNEDY.

MEN, Visitors to the Forest.

Ruttkin, an itinerant Tinker,	Mr. EDWIN.	Mr. EDWIN.
Baron Fitzherbert, disguised as Friar Tuck, — —	Mr. WILSON.	Mr. BOOTH.
Edwin, the Hermit of the Dale,	Mr. JOHNSTONE.	Mr. JOHNSTONE.

W MAN, Resident in the Forest.

Stella, a Shepherdess, —	Miss WHEELER.	Mrs. WELLS.
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WOMEN, not Resident in the Forest

Clorinda, Huntress of Titbury,	Mrs. MARTYR.	Mrs. MARTYR.
Annette, the tiny Foot Page,	Mrs. WILSON.	Mrs. BROWN.
Angelina, a Pilgrim, —	Mrs. BANNISTER.	Mrs. BILLINGTON.

The SCENE lies in Sherwood Forest.

ROBIN HOOD;

OR,

SHERWOOD FOREST.

ACT I.

Scene a deep wood terminating in vists—Several cots shaded by trees: on one side of the stage, Archers making arrows: on the other side, Stella and other women with distaffs, sitting at their several doors.

GLEE.

IN Sherwood's grove,
The sweets of love,
We'll taste and drink till we're mellow;
With dimpled smiles,
Sly winks and wiles,
Each lass will please her fellow.

Ranting,
Flanting,
Gay gallanting,
Such sports the like ne'er seen O!

Hey down derry, derry,
Merry maids and archers,
Tripping it on the green O.—

Bowman. Here comes Little John.—

Enter JOHN, carrying a large bow.

John. Well fung and strongly, my blithe lads and hearty lasses—like true out-laws who lighten the heavy purses of the rich with clear consciences, share your

B

booty

booty with the poor, and wash down repentance with cups of nappy brown ale.

Stella. Girls let us retire.

(The women retire into the cots.)

Bowman. Why are we called out-laws, John?

John. I'll tell you. Laws were made to punish rogues; but we being honest fellows, are put out of the law.

Bowman. Then honesty and law are not found together.

John. True; and therefore being honest we live against the law; and yet, with due deference to the learned profession, we live honestly as those who live by the law.

Bowman. Right, John.

John. Mark—We kill the King's deer, and are called thieves; but who are the greatest thieves, we who feed on royal venison, or those who prey upon his Majesty's liege subjects? Stand close and attend to me lads—our captain, the brave Earl of Huntingdon, has a call upon our service, therefore every man must look to his arms; let your quivers be well stockt with arrows, and see that your bow-strings are all sound. This night we fall forth on an expedition.

Bowman. What is the cause?

John. Our Captain you all know was betrothed to the fair Clorinda, niece to Baron Fitz Herbert. You also know, that on the very eve of marriage he was ordered from court.

Bowman. True.

John. Now this was all owing to the Bishop of Hereford, who maliciously poisoned the royal ear, and the instant the noble Huntingdon became an object of the King's displeasure, the whole court tribe, even the very caterpillars who fed upon his bounty avoided him as if he was contagious.

Bowman. But we, John, stuck to him and will while we have life.

John. Give me your hand—a man never truly knows his friends till misfortune overtakes him. But mark—

Our

Our leader's heart is fixed upon the Lady Clorinda, and she loves him with equal ardour; but the proud Baron, her uncle, keeps her locked up, and prevents all intercourse between them.

Bowman. Why not attack the Baron's castle and carry her off by force——

John. That is the business you are to be employed on—we will execute it this very night; but not a word to Robin; voluntary service is most valuable, and tomorrow, I trust, we shall be able to present his mistress to him—(*A horn sounds*)—Hark! Scarlet's horn.

Enter SCARLET, and Archers, with RUTTEKIN the Tinker, prisoner; an Archer carrying his budget.

John. Brave Scarlet, welcome!—Who have we got here? (*Examining Ruttekin.*)

Scarlet. We discovered a company of men, within the purlieus of the Forest, on their way we suppose to the assizes at Nottingham.

John. On their way to the assizes! O the unconscionable dogs! with intent no doubt to sue their honest debtors,

Scarlet. They fled, and all escaped but this fellow.

John. What are you, firrah?

Ruttekin. A tinker and a fool, but no knave.

John. Well distinguished; for though all knaves are fools, all fools are not knaves. Where do you reside tinker?

Ruttekin. Where I stand. I carry my shop on my back, as the snail carries his house; am always at home, yet am a traveller.

John. A fool a traveller; but that is no new case, many of our travellers having proved themselves fool. Let the tinker be free. But say, lads, what plunder have you brought in?

Scarlet. Not much. We met a monk, who denied having cash, but Robin forced him to pray to his titular saint for some, and after five minutes devotion, on searching his reverence, we found twenty broad pieces

in his hood ; but the money did not remain long with us : falling in with one of the bishop of Hereford's tenants, who was flying from his habitation, being unable to pay his rent, Robin, with his accustomed humanity made him a present of the friar's tribute.

John. Perhaps this fellow is an impostor, so open his pack (*pointing to Ruttekin*) : A good heart may lie in a deformed body ; a diamond may be concealed in a dunghill, and why not gold or silver in this budget. [*They open the budget and throw out a fowl. a bottle, and a loaf ; Ruttekin leaps into it.*]

Ruttekin. Spare my property ! my budget contains my ways and means !

Scarlet. Out of the budget, or I'll knock you down.

Ruttekin. What, strike a man in his own shop ?

(*Horn sounds.*)

John. There goes Robin's blast and calls me—Away lads ; reinstate master Tinker in possession of his shop and moveables, and give the poor devil some refreshment.

Ruttekin.. Lead away, my ferry folk, and I'll dance after you.

A I R.

I mend pottles and canns,
Hoop jugs, patch kettles and pans,
And over the country trudge it ;

I sing without measure,
Nor fear loss of treasure,

And carry my all in my budget,

Here under the green leav'd bushes,

Oh how we'll firk it,

Caper and jirk it,

Singing as blithe as thrushes,

I'm not plagued with a wife,

Live free from contest and strife,

Blow high, blow low——Ruttekin never
minds it.

I eat

I eat when I'm hungry,
 Drink when I'm dry,
 Join pleasure wherever I find it.

Here under the green leav'd bushes,
 Oh how we'll firk it,
 Caper and jirk it,
 Singing as blithe as thrushes.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter FRIAR and JOHN, *fighting with quarter-staves, two*
 ARCHERS *following.*

1st Archer. Well done, John!

2d Archer. Well laid on, Friar!

John. Let no man strike who loves me. Friar, you have beaten me soundly; I retain the music of your fiddle-stick in both my ears.—O heaven preserve us from the heavy arm of Mother Church!

Friar. Have I done you justice?

John. Yes, justice with a vengeance!—To give the devil his due, this infernal divine fights with Christian fortitude.—The last blow staggered my conscience.—But will you live among us, priest?

Friar. With all my heart, upon this condition, that if you need a chaplain, I may serve you and your friends in that capacity.

John. Will you be true?

Friar. To the last moment I will be true to you—will attend to shrive little Little John, even at the gallows.

John. I thank your charity, reverend Sir; and as one good turn deserves another, be assured you shall not want a friend to shake hands with at the gibbet. Our chaplain you shall be; a confessor, my hearts, will make us new men every day, by absolving us in the morning for our trespasses over-night.—But we must not have too much devotion.

Friar. Never fear—Though I wear the habit of the church, I am no devotee; I love my friends, pray for my enemies, and my principal study is the art of living well with all mankind.

John.

John. And women-kind I presume——

Friar. Who ordained you a confessor?—But in truth, though I have taken the vow of celibacy, I reprobate a single life among the laity, and think that were the superfluous productions of nature to be pruned away, the business should commence by lopping off old maids and fusty batchelors.

John. Right—they are a malignant generation, and, like the rattlesnake, increase in noise and venom with their years. To what monastery do you belong?

Friar. To none; I am just arrived from a crusade.

John. I thought so, for you laid on like a Turk.

Enter BOWMAN, *with a sheathed Sword.*

Bowman. A stranger has surrendered to one of our out-posts, and is coming this way. He demands an audience with Robin Hood immediately, and sends his sword. [*Delivers his sword to John.*]

John. Conduct the stranger before us—and see, Master Bowman, take care of this honest Friar; let him have liquor to moisten the clay, for I see by his ruby nose, he is a wet soul with a dry liver.

Friar. Go on, my lad; and remember your orders—let me have liquor plenty to moisten the clay.——

A I R.

When the chill scirocco blows,

And winter tells a heavy tale;

When pies, and daws, and rooks, and crows,

Do sit and curse the frost and snows;

Then give me ale,

Old brown ale,

Nut brown ale,

Stout brown ale.

O give me stout brown ale——

Ale that the plowman's heart up keeps,

And equals it to tyrant thrones;

That wipes the eye that ever weeps,

And lulls in sweet and dainty sleeps

Th' o'er wearied bones——

Old brown ale, &c.

John.

John. Well chaunted, and merrily; a goodly psalm-finger; yet his notes would sound better in a tavern than a cathedral.

Enter EDWIN, guarded.

Edwin. I have told you my business is with Robin Hood only. *(To the guard.)*

John. That may be, but you cannot see the great Robin, till first examined by Little John. Who are you, Sir?

Edwin. A Gentleman, courteous Sir, who wishes to be considered your humble servant.

John. Fairly spoken—An humble servant is good, because it is a rarity, most servants assuming more impudence than their masters. Now Gentleman is bad, though it is a good title to travel with, or live by; for every fellow, who has neither property nor profession, and is too lazy to work, begs or plunders under the character of a Gentleman.

Edwin. I agree with you, Sir; and the country is over-run with such vermin.

John. Here comes our leader—

Enter Robin.

Noble Captain, this gentleman, who says he is my humble servant, desires to speak with you.

Robin. I like his presence.—You appear a soldier, Sir.—Return him his sword. *(To John)* It is my way to meet every man on equal terms; and if you come for a trial of skill, my bow-bearer will see fair play.

John. Never doubt my honour; and if you beat Robin to-day, John will indulge you with a bout to-morrow.

Edwin. I would speak in private.

John. Then I withdraw; and, in truth, I am not in good fighting order—Stella has run away with my heart; and this Friar has raised so many knobs on my head, it feels like a bunch of grapes. *[Exit.]*

Robin. Now, Sir, what are your commands?

Edwin.

Edwin. Courage and generosity are congenial qualities : I am confident you possess the first, and doubt not but I shall experience the latter.

Robin. You speak from a brave and candid soul. Whatever my men have taken shall be returned.

Edwin. I only wish them to restore a hermit's garment. You see before you an unhappy man, scorned by the woman he loves, urged by despair, yet doating on the cause of his misery. O heaven! is there no comfort for me?

A I R.

Ye pow'rs who make virtue your care,
O bend from your bowers above;
Say, why should distress and despair
Be the constant attendants on love?

Should war with its wide spreading force,
Of nations the scourge and the curse,
To ten-fold its rage be encreas'd,
The torments of lovers are worse.

Ye power's who make virtue your care,
O bend from your bowers above;
Say, why should distress and despair
Be the constant attendants on love?

Robin. Your sorrows breathing the genuine feelings of an injured mind, engage my friendship. Is it your intention to join our party? You may command here every thing conducive to your ease.

Edwin. You have my thanks, but I must refuse your generous offer. My mind, long labouring with grief, has determined upon retirement: understanding there is a hermitage in the Forest, lately occupied by a holy man, now dead there, and lost to the world, I wish to become his melancholy successor, and pine out a life of wretchedness.

Robin. May I enquire who you are?

Edwin. My name is Edwin, son to Sir Launcelot Barnard; I am just arrived from Palestine, where for
three

three years serving under a borrowed name, I sought for death in battle.

Robin. Command my services. I knew your father well, and often under him repelled my country's foes. The ingratitude of those I loved and served has driven me into this Forest, an outlaw—but no more of that—Though rough in manners, and possessing asperity against the proud, the avaricious, and the luxuriant, you shall find me not ungenerous to the distressed.

Edwin. 'Tis to your generosity I apply; the simplicity of your manners I admire, and despise the superficial civilities of life; the mind of a soldier, like his sword, is more valuable for its temper than its polish.

Robin. Henceforward we are friends; but come let us in and drink a pledge to future amity. Edwin, your hand (*takes Edwin's band*) I feel for you. Alas! I am myself a lover, and though belov'd in return, suffer under all the excruciating pangs of absence.

D U E T.

The stag through the Forest when rous'd by the
horn,

Sore frightened, high bounding, flies wretched, forlorn;

Quick panting, heart bursting, the hounds now
in view,

Speed doubles, speed doubles, they eager pursue.

But 'scaping the hunters, again through the
groves.

Forgetting past evils, with freedom he roves.

Not so in his soul, who from tyrant love flies,

The shaft still remains, and despairing he dies.!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter ALLEN and STELLA.

Allen. I am certain something distresses you, tell me my dear sister, what it is? I your brother and friend,
have

have a right to question you: believe me, Stella, few women would fall into error, if they made confidants of their male relations.

Stella. I do believe you love me, brother; and I hope you have no reason to complain of my wanting affection. Let me ask you a question; what think you of Will Scarlet?

Allen. That, in manners, he is a vain fop; and in his heart a cunning deceiver. Like an overripe pear, fair without, but bad within.

Stella. You are right, brother, he is a fop; for when he brings home posies from the meadows, he always culls the sweetest and prettiest to ornament himself! and he is a deceiver, as poor Martha knows to her cost. Oh! poor Martha! she was once the very life of the Forest.

A I R.

“ The laughing pow’rs
 “ That led the wanton hours,
 “ When May was in her prime,
 “ Open’d the cells of flow’rs
 “ To airy paramours.
 “ And bid the love-sick poet sigh in rhyme.”

Oh! summer all too fair;
 Oh! blisses all too high!
 Oh! might she not have known,
 That sweetest flow’r, the soonest blown,
 Is soonest gone—
 That clearest stream beneath a summer sky
 May soon be dry!

She never said,
 Can my dear love fly,
 Till he was fled!

But what think you of Little John?

Allen. I think him a ruffetan, a goodly apple, with a plain outside, but sound core.

Stella

Stella. And I think so too; for he strews thyme under my window, when he thinks I do not see him; and when he gathers wild strawberries, or filberts, or finds honeycombs in the woods, he always presents them to me untouched.

Allen. There is as much difference between John and Scarlet, as between an honest man and a knave. I know they are both your admirers, but be cautious in bestowing your affection; you are very young, Stella; and love, my girl, has its bitters as well as its sweets.

Stella. I would tell you a secret—but you must hear me without censure; or if you reprove, remember the lessons of affection make the deepest impressions when breathed in gentleness.

Allen. Speak with freedom. Something I fear has hurt you.

Stella. Yes, I am hurt, yet I cannot tell where. I am pleased too, yet I cannot tell why. I sigh when I wish to smile. Nay more, I am warm in the cool shade, and freeze even in the sun. Heigh ho!

Allen. And how long have you had this complaint?

Stella. How long! It has been coming on me by degrees at least these long, long two months. Let me whisper you a question; nay, turn your head, I cannot speak while you look me in the face. You must know, Little John this day gave me some wild plumbs—La, I cannot say a word more!

Allen. Then the complaint lies there.

Stella. Where, brother, where?—mercy, shew me! Sure I do not eat too many wild plumbs—where does the complaint lie? I feel the pain, but cannot discover the seat of it.

Allen. Lay your hand upon your heart and pronounce the name of John.

Stella. There—John, John, John—Bless me! how it beats—pit, pit, pit, pat—Heigh ho! my complaint I find is the heart-burn and palpitation.

Allen. The truth is you love John.

Stella. Love a man! O fie! Yet, certainly I have a great friendship for John. You know, brother, when

I fell into the river, he plunged in and saved my life, while Scarlet run for assistance.

Allen. I do not blame your gratitude ; but be cautious, John's simplicity might prove as injurious as Scarlet's cunning.

Stella. I'll follow your advice, for I have heard young girls often meet with ruin where they expect security—

Allen. And ever after suffer under the pangs of shame, repentance, and bitter grief.

A I R.

Hard beats her heart, her eyes pour tears,
Corroding grief consumes her years ;
No more she sports with damsels gay,
But mourns in penance night and day.
Love makes her happy for a while,
And then, like thee, she'll chearful smile ;
But soon the willow binds her head—
She mourns a lover from her fled,

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene changes to another part of the forest. Enter CLORINDA in the dress of a huntress, with bow and quiver ; ANGELINA as a male pilgrim ; ANNETTE as her page.

Clorinda. Nay, let me persuade you, my sweet cousin, do not depart till you see the result of my adventure.

Angelina. That is impossible, my vow prohibits me : I will not rest till I have reached the coast, nor will I return till I meet tidings of my love.

Clorinda. But we are now near the bower of my lover—O Cupid ! thou tyrant of the passions, be merciful to thy poor petitioner.

Well, this love has set you both mad ; but your madness, Madam, (*to Clorinda*) a think the most desirable. Heaven defend me from the afflictions of my lady, my lord a mean ! Melancholy madness is horrible ! But let who will sigh, I will laugh through life while I breathe. La ! I have had lovers of all
pro-

professions, and played them off with equal indifference.

A I R.

When the men a courting came,
Flattering with their prittle prattle;
Of their fool'ries I made game,
Rally'd with my tittle tattle,

Cooing to me,

Woing to me,

Teasing of me,

Pleasing of me,

Off'ring pelf,

Each silly elf

Came wooing, cooing, bowing to me,

The learn'd serjeant of the law

Shew'd his parchments, briefs, and papers;

In his deeds I found a flaw,

So dismiss'd him in the vapours.

Cooing to me,

Woing to me,

Teasing of me,

Pleasing of me,

Off'ring pelf,

Each silly elf

Came wooing, cooing, bowing to me.

Physic old display'd his wealth,

With his nostrums, but the fact is,

I swore loud I'd keep my health,

Nor die martyr to his practice.

Cooing to me,

Woing to me,

Teasing of me,

Pleasing of me,

Off'ring pelf,

Each silly elf

Came wooing, cooing, bowing to me.

But

But at last a Swain bow'd low,
 Candid, handsome, tall, and clever,
 Squeez'd my hand, I can't tell how,
 But he won my heart for ever.

Cooing to me,
 Wooing to me,
 Pressing of me,
 Blessing of me,
 He's no pelf,
 Yet for himself

I'll send all other lovers from me.

Angelina. Some one comes this way.

Clorinda. One of the merry archers—Hillo! hillo!
 tantivy!

John. (*within*) Hillo! hillo! hilloa!

Enter JOHN.

By St. Dunstan's shrine a Diana! and with a voice shrill
 as a lark! Egad, fair nymph, you make the welkin
 ring with your shrill notes. But why salute me with
 a tantivy; I being a batchellor, and that congratulation
 only due to married gentry, who come under the de-
 scription of bucks? (*to Clorinda.* Save your reve-
 rence, (*bowing to Angelina*) I presume you are a pal-
 mer, performing penance for the sins of your fathers,
 for thou art too young to have transgressed thyself.
 But may I enquire, are you returning from, or going
 on a pilgrimage?

Annette. Why ask? what is your reason? and what
 right has my master to answer you?

John. Here is a chatterer! Pray, my little magpie,
 has your tongue been split with a silver groat, that it
 wags so glibly?

Annette. You must know, my good friend, I and
 my master have traversed France, crossed the Alps,
 visited Jerusalem, made an excursion into Turkey,
 and—

John. Enough, enough—Egad, my lad of wax, the
 hinges of your tongue want no oiling. But pray now,
 to

to what purpose did you go through all this fatigue?

Annette. In truth, to little purpose: our objects were beauty and virtue, both of which we find flourish better at home than in any other soil. Pray, Sir, give this inquisitive fellow an account of your travels.

Angelina. I will indulge him with all my heart, and then, fair cousin, without any further ceremony, or even a farewell, I shall depart (to Clarinda.) My page has told you beauty and virtue were the objects of my search.

B A L L A D.

I travers'd Judah's barren sand,
At Beauty's altar to adore;
But there the Turk had spoil'd the land,
And Sion's daughters were no more.

In Greece the bold imperious mein,
The wanton look, the leering eye,
Bade Love's devotion not be seen,
Where constancy is never nigh.

From thence to Italy's fair shore,
I urg'd my never ceasing way,
And to Loretta's temple bore
A mind devoted still to pray.

But there too Superstition's hand
Had sickly'd every feature o'er, |
And made me soon regain the land,
Where beauty fills the western shore ;'

Where Hymen with Cœlestial power
Connubial transport doth adorn,
Where purest virtue sports the hour,
That ushers in each happy morn.

Ye daughters of old Albion's Isle,
Where'er I go, where'er I stray,
O, Charity's sweet children, smile,
To cheer a Pilgrim on his way !

Clarinda.

Clorinda. May cheerfulness be thy guide, and safety thy attendant.

[*Exeunt Angelina and Annette.*]

John. I say Amen, from the depth of my heart. And now, you more than mortal, what is your business in the Forest?

Clorinda. I seek a known bold archer, who draws his bow with skill, and can pierce an apple, or split a wand at threescore yards distance.

John. Then you have hit the mark; and though I say it, who should not say it, there is not a tighter fellow of his inches in the Forest, than your humble servant, Little John.

Clorinda. Art thou Little John?

John. The same lady—But see, I have no apprehension from the quiver of your eyes; my affections are engaged, and my heart is proof against their arrows. But for your comfort, there are charitable men enough in the Forest, and you may secure half a dozen strings to your bow.

Clorinda. Half a dozen! cry you, mercy Little John; I have heard of your prowess, it is true, but seek a man at least a foot taller.

A I R.

The tramp of fame your name has breath'd,

Its praise has founded far and near;

Stout Little John, with laurel wreath'd,

Hath reach'd each dame and damsel's ear.

But 'tis not you; bold Robin Hood

I come to seek with bended bow,

That man of might

I fain would fight,

And conquer with my oh, ho, oh!

Through frost and snow,

Though cold winds blow

I never fail,

In rain or hail,

Though thunders roll

From pole to pole,

To conquer with my oh, ho, ho!

With

With bended bow,
The buck or doe,
I never fail,
Through rain or hail,
Though thunders roll
From pole to pole,
To conquer with my oh, ho, ho!

John. 'Fore George, damsel, you sing a merry stave; but Robin will never fight you, so there is comfort for you and your oh, ho, ho!—But here he comes, and with him a poor love-sick devil, going to turn hermit——

Clorinda. It is, indeed, my dear Robin.

John. Dear Robin! Who are you? Speak nymph, I begin to suspect——

Clorinda. Step aside and I will tell you.

John. Your lily hand; (*takes her hand*) for egad, damsel, I like you and your oh, ho, ho!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ROBIN and EDWIN.

Robin. It grieves me, I cannot persuade you to remain with us; time and reflection, with cheerful company and the sports of the chace, would alleviate your pain.

Edwin. No, no—I have tried every means in vain: three years absence has not lessened, but encreased my passion and my grief—even hope, that sweet'ning balm which attends the martyred wretch strained on the rack in his last pangs of torture, is denied to me.

Robin. Pray hear me.

Edwin. Do not urge me—my life I have devoted to heaven, and will persevere——permit one of your archers to conduct me to the hermitage.

Robin. You shall be obliged; and yet I hope for your assistance and advice in recovering my love, my dear Clorinda!

Edwin. You shall have my prayers—success attend your efforts. You venture for a woman who reciprocates

crates your passion, and will reward it; I suffer for an unfeeling maid, whose scorn was instant death, did not her beauty salve the wound it gives.

A I R.

Her hair is like a golden clue,
 Drawn from Minerva's loom;
 Her lips carnations dropping dew,
 Her breath is a perfume.

Her brow is like the mountain snow,
 Gilt by the morning beam:
 Her cheeks like living roses blow,
 Her eyes like azure stream.

Adieu, my friend, be me forgot,
 And from thy mind defac'd;
 But may that happiness be thine,
 Which I can never taste.

[Exit.

Enter JOHN.

John. Clear the clouds from your brow, and prepare for laughter; I have a merry tale to tickle your fancy with.

Robin. Postpone your merriment, good John: I am in a melancholy mood, and would indulge it.

John. I bring something to rouse your spirits—A challenge, and there lies the gauntlet.

Robin. A woman's glove. *(Takes up the glove.)*

John. I know not whether man or woman; but the challenger is here in the Forest, and swears to beat you with an Oh, ho, ho! *[Exit.]*

Robin. Perhaps some lover of my Clorinda! here comes the stranger.

Enter JOHN, leading CLORINDA, her head turned from ROBIN.

Robin. A woman!

John.

John. I say a goddess—but turn your head this way, please your goddessship; for if you fight here it must be face to face.

Clorinda. (*Looking towards Robin.*) Not know me, Robin!

Robin. It is Clorinda, my life, my love! [*Embrace.*]

John. Egad that is a Cornish hug!

Clorinda. O Robin—I have ventured all for you! will you not think lightly of me? am I not lessened in your esteem, for thus boldly stepping beyond the bounds prescribed my sex?

Robin. Say, how hast thou escaped?—I had resolved as soon as too-morrow's sun set from the world, to force you from your tyrant.

John. Then you had been disappointed, for I had resolved with the assistance of Allen-a-Dale, and our merry men to have done the business this very night unknown to you. It is a great disappointment to me, fair lady, to be deprived the pleasure of knocking the old proud Baron, your Uncle, on the head.

Clorinda. My uncle went yesterday to court, in consequence of an order from the king; and it is rumoured the French have threatened an invasion. I availed myself of his absence, and fled to you, my love.

Robin. To live in this dreary forest; but it is not dreary—where you reside the sweetest violets blow—spring sports around your walks; and when you smile, the coldest hearts rejoice with summer's warmth.

A I R.

Charming Clorinda! ev'ry note
 You breathe these woods among
 Shall move my grateful tongue,
 Swelling my ardent throat,
 Homage devout to pay,
 Love harmonize the lay,
 And sooth her with the song!

Should she, bewilder'd, chance to stray,
 Ye songsters, near your groves,
 To her your notes belong ;
 My soul its sense shall prove,
 My voice its powers display,
 Love harmonize the lay,
 And sooth her with the song !

John. See the merry archers returning from the chase.

Enter STELLA, SCARLET, ALLEN, &c.

Robin. My friends, congratulate me : I have recovered my Clorinda, and we will have a jovial day. Love has found his way into the Forest, and to refuse him an hospitable reception, would be ungrateful.

John. Stella, why silent? Lady, this is the tender dove of my affection, and you shall solicit for me : (*To Clorinda*) But let's into the bower—Old Splice'em the friar, who arrived this morning, came in pudding-time, and if I can prevail on Stella, he shall shortly lug out his horn-book.

G L E E.

By dark grove, shade, or winding dell,
 We merry maids and archers dwell ;
 In quiet here, from worldly strife,
 We pass a cheerful rural life ;
 And by the Moon's pale quivering beams,
 We frisk it near the chrystal streams.

Our station's on the king's high-way,
 We rob the rich the poor to pay :
 The woe-worn wretch we still protect,
 The widow, orphan ne'er neglect :
 Fat churchmen proud we cause to stand,
 And whistle for our steady band.

A C T II.

SCENE, *the outside of ALLEN's cot; a view of sheep feeding at a distance; a bench at the door; ALLEN and STELLA discovered sitting.*

A L L E N.

I THANK you, my dear sister, for your attention to my advice: but I must to my flocks; farewell, and ever remember this, my dear girl, that though female virtue is an inestimable diamond, it is delicacy which gives it polish and brilliancy of the first water.

Stella. I shall remember your instructions.

D U E T.

A L L E N.

The vi'let nurs'd in woodland wild,
 Young Zephyr's bride, Spring's first-born child,
 Whose vest in heaven's tint is dy'd;
 How fade it's beauties on the sight,
 No more its perfume yields delight,
 When the rich rose unfolds its pride!

S T E L L A.

The feather'd tribes, who in the groves
 With shrills mellifluous woo their loves,
 As Nature's self inspires the strain;
 Their melting music fails to please,
 Harsh and untuneful are their lays,
 When Philomel awakes the plain.

B O T H.

The maid endow'd with virtue's grace,
 Appears with soul-subduing face,

And

And shines in beauty's sphere supreme;
 Each nymph that won the heart before,
 By her eclips'd, can charm no more,
 And all her sov'reign pow'r proclaim!

[Exit Allen.]

Stella. Here comes my butterfly lover: he squints his eye at me, though I am sure he admires his own face more than mine, or he would not so often peep into the brook. He walks this way, so I will stop and play the rogue with him.—Bless me! where can it be? (*Searching her pockets*) It must have been somewhere hereabouts. (*Locks round*) I would not have lost it for —————

Enter SCARLET.

Scarlet. What have you lost, my pretty Stella?

Stella. How cou'd you frighten me by coming so suddenly? I have lost—La! you cannot think what I have lost. —————

Scarlet. And I have lost——What do you think I have lost?

Stella. Not your senses, I hope?

Scarlet. Why, in truth, even them; a man who has lost his heart, generally loses his senses.

Stella. Lost your heart! Why carry it so loose in your breast? But some silly girl will pick it up, and return it; so farewell, thou heartless man. [Going.]

Scarlet. Why fly me?

Stella. Because I fear you.

Scarlet. And why fear me?

Stella. Because you are a man, and, by your own confession, a heartless man; now, a man without a heart should always be avoided by a woman.

Scarlet. Stella, I love you.

Stella. So do I, most sincerely.

Scarlet. What, my charmer?

Stella. Love myself to be sure.

Scarlet. Be serious: few men in the Forest can boast better pretensions to a maiden's regard than myself, and you may lose me. Hear me, my sweet girl.

A I R.

A I R.

I love you by Heaven, what can I say more ?

Then set not my passion a cooling ;

If thou yield'st not at once, I must e'en give thee
o'er,

For I'm but a novice at fooling.

What my love wants in words, it shall make up in
deeds,

Then why should we waste time in stuff, child ?

A performance, you know well, a promise exceeds,
And a word to the wife is enough, child.

Stella. But I am such a fool I shall not take your
hints ; so farewell.

Scarlet. One word.——

Stella. Yes.—— [*Running off, he stops her.*]

Scarlet. Yes—that is one word indeed ; but you must
not go.

Enter RUTTEKIN.

Ruttek. No, you must not go.

Scarlet. Devil take this fool.

Stella. Why curse the fool, without including the
knave ? He is the worst character of the two.

Ruttek. My budget and tools against your doublet,
I know what you are about.

Scarlet. Are you a gambler ?

Ruttek. You say I am a fool ; and did you ever know
a gambler who was not a fool, unless he was a rogue ?
They are all either pigeons or rooks.

Stella. Well, I am gone.

Scarlet. And I follow.

Stella. By these hands you shall not. [*Exit.*]

Scarlet. By these legs I will. [*Exit.*]

Ruttek. Ha, ha, ha ! Well run doe ! well run buck !
But, ha ! by the Mass the buck has fallen into a toil.

Enter

Enter JOHN and SCARLET.

John. I say, Scarlet, I am angry.

Scarlet. Angry! No, no; you are jealous, John, jealous.

John. Jealous! It is false. Except among such jack-a-dandies as you, jealousy is not of this country's growth; nor indeed of any country where the people can lay claim to manhood. I am angry.

Scarlet. I was never better pleased in my life: the smiles of a fine girl have raised my spirits.

John. But you must resign all pretensions to that fine girl, my fripperary jay. She can have but one of us, and you are not the man.

Scarlet. You must resign all pretensions to that fine girl, my rustic clown. She can have but one of us, and I am the man.

Ruttek. Let me decide this dispute. What are your pretensions?

Scarlet. I love her.

Ruttek. You love her.—What do you say?

John. I love her.

Ruttek. You love her too.—So far your claims are equal. What would you do for her?

Scarlet. Die for her?

John. Then die and be —— (*whistles*). I live for her, and her alone.

Ruttek. You would die for her, (*to Scarlet*). You would live for her, (*to John*). John, you are the man; for any woman, be she ever so young, or ever so foolish, would prefer one living lover to a whole church-yard full of dead ones.

John. See, Scarlet, we are both fond of the girl: I would make her my wife, but your designs are knavish. Your false-heartedness to girls is notorious; it rises with the morning lark, and preys nightly with the owl.

Scarlet. And what then?

John.

John. Mark my words—if you dare attempt any villainy against the chastity of Stella, may I never draw an arrow to the head, if I don't split you from the coxcomb to the waistband.

Scarlet. Ha ha, ha!

John. Yes, and hang up your perfumed carcase on one of those trees, to whistle and swing in the wind, like the sign of the Spread Eagle,

Ruttek. What! promote him to the office of scarecrow, to frighten rooks from the Forest?

Scarlet. If you are for that work, let us determine the contest this instant. (*Draws his sword.*)

Ruttek. (*Holding John.*) Don't split him while I am here!

John. Let me at him, Tinker: Yet it kicks against the grain of my manhood to stain my sword with splitting a spliced plover; a fellow who smells savory as a jack with a pudding in its belly; who plaisters his face over-night with grease and flour, and looks in the morning, for all the world, like a pigeon in paste.

Ruttek. Take a fool's advice in this business; court the girl openly, and let him who wins her, wear her.

Scarlet. There is wisdom in the fool's advice.

John. And I agree to the fool's advice; he is a wise fool.

Ruttek. Right, lads! Risk your lives for a woman! Ha, ha, ha! What woman would do so for you, my dapper jack-asses, pigmies of fourteen to the dozen! It is more than I could expect, who am a man of size: but I never quarrel for my mistresses, though always foused over head and ears in the tender passion; enamoured with every landlady and tapstress over the country, the Soldan of Persia is not a greater Turk at the business.

A I R.

Margarita first posselt,
I remember well, my breast,

With her row de dow dow de dow dow
derrow.

E

With

With my restless heart next play'd
 Martha, buxom floe-ey'd maid,
 With her tantarara row.

She to Katharine gave place;
 Kate, to Betsy's am'rous face,
 With, &c.

Mary then, and gentle Ann,
 Both to reign at once began,
 With their, &c.

Jenny next, a tyrant she,
 But Rebecca set me free,
 With my, &c.

In a week from her I fled,
 And took Judith in her stead,
 With my, &c.

She possess'd a wond'rous grace,
 But she wanted Susan's face,
 With my, &c.

Isabella's rolling eye,
 Eclipsed Susan's presently,
 With her, &c.

Brown-skinn'd Bess I next obey'd,
 Then lov'd Nanny, red-hair'd maid,
 With my, &c.

None could bind me, I am free,
 Yet love all the fair I see,
 With my tantarara row.

With my row de dow dow de dow dow
 derrow,
 Tantarara row.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter FRIAR and CLORINDA.

Friar. Well niece, I see you are surprized.

Clorinda. Surprized! I am astonished, frightened to death.

Friar. Niece, niece, thou art the wildest doe in the Forest; thou hast over-leaped the pale of prudence, and delicacy, and art a very outlaw—O, I blush at this transgression of duty and modesty!

Clorinda. You mean my emancipation from tyranny. In truth, uncle, the very hour you set out to Court, I eluded the eyes of the Argus placed over me, and fled to the Forest. Is not Robin my betrothed Lord? and as such do I not owe him a duty that supercedes every other. But tell me, what is your business here, disguised thus in person and manners?

Friar. First, answer—How is my daughter? Thank heaven! in the delicacy of her conduct, I may place confidence.

Clorinda. When I parted from my cousin, she was well, but as usual rather melancholy. Now answer me: what is your business here?

Friar. Swear you will not betray me,

Clorinda. On my honour: I would perish first.

Friar. I come here by order of the King, a spy upon your lover.

Clorinda. A spy! O shame, shame! how could you degenerate into so mean an office?

Friar. Remember your promise. His life is in my power: by to-morrow's dawn, the Bishop of Hereford, with five hundred archers, will attack the Forest.

Clorinda. Five hundred archers! a noble force, worthy my Robin's valour. Let come on: with him I'll head his merry-men, cheer his courage, and oppose my bosom to the keenest darts of his enemy. Uncle be assured of this, the woman who would live solely for the man she loves, possesses sufficient courage to die for him.

Friar. On your duty grant me one request, and all shall be well. Put off your marriage till morning—call up every smile and blandishment of love and beauty to aid your eloquence—solicit, nay, you must persuade your lover to come within his Sovereign's grace. The enemy prepares to invade the land, and his power is necessary to his country.

Clorinda. The duty is pleasing, and I will try my utmost.

Friar. His life depends on the event. He comes: so remember niece, you must defer your nuptials, and you have pledged your honour not to give the most distant hint of who I am, or of my business here.

Enter ROBIN, JOHN, *and* RUTTEKIN.

Robin. What, father shriving Clorinda; but she has no sins to answer for, except her love for me, and that she has confessed in plenitude of goodness. Take care, however, sanctimonious Sir, I shall grow jealous, if I catch you thus alone with my love.

Friar. A fig for love; my jug is my love, my wife—My ale my joy, my comfort—A liberal mistress, who, while in my possession, shall never refuse to share her favours with my friends.

Robin. Nay, father, you should not consider drink as a mistress, but a cheerful companion to drive away melancholy—some wine.—

Friar. Give me some wine.

A I R. (ROBIN HOOD.)

I.

When generous wine expands the soul,
How pleasure hovers round the bowl!
Avaunt ye cares of Fancy's crew,
And give the guilty wretch his due:
But let the juice of sparkling wine
My grosser sense of love refine:
As Jove his nectar drinks above,
I'll quaff whole goblets full of love!

Then,

II.

Then why shou'd I at life repine;
 Bring me Venus, bring me wine,
 Fill the ever-flowing bowl,
 In circles gay and pleasures roll.
 Ever open, ever free,
 Hail, thou friend to jollity?
 My brows with Bacchus' chaplets crown'd,
 I'll live to love—my cares are drown'd.

Ruttekin. The Friar is most porterly drunk.

John. True, tinker, and being porterly drunk, he is able to carry his liquor.

Robin. To you, John, I shall leave the direction of our nuptial sports and pastimes,

John. And I shall take care to furnish good amusements. You may expect, lady, such archery as Dianna or Apollo could never equal. Then we shall have at least half a dozen heads cracked at quarter-staff and single-stick; a few bones broken at foot-ball, and a back or neck fractur'd at wrestling—Oh! we shall have rare fun!

Clorinda. Not those who have their bones broken, John.

John. Then we shall have bull-baiting and morrice dancing—O how I long to be capering!

Robin. Dance till you fall, John, but no bull-baiting; man has no right to sport with the feelings of those creatures which heaven has bestowed for our sustenance. They die for our use, and it is base ingratitude to treat them with cruelty.

Clorinda. Thank you for that humane sentiment, my dear Robin.

Robin. Do you go to the young hermit who left us this morning, tell him of my happiness, and that I request his presence at our festival. (*To Ruttekin.*)

John. Can you find the way, Tinker?

Ruttekin. I passed the hermitage coming here, and will go forward upon the beaten path: never fear a fool finding his way through the world: fools keep the

the high road, it is your wise men who go aside and fall into the ditch.

John. You may trust him with the delivery of a message; he will be true to your word, though a liar and a tinker.

Ruttkin. No slur upon tinkers; they are found in every honourable profession. Your politician's a tinker, in mending the state-kettle, when he patches up one hole he makes two: your poet's a tinker, he hammers out new works from other mens' old wit; the lawyer's a tinker, he deals in brags and opens more flaws than he stops; and what's your physician? why a tinker too, a brazier of old battered constitutions, and if he cures you of a gout, will take care to leave a rheumatism behind for a new job. *[Exit.]*

John. Well, I'll to my duty—men, women, and children are busy in their several vocations. The Pindar of Wakefield has brought in a brace of fat bucks, Arthur-a Bland has caught a dish of choice jacks, the maid Marian's preparing the pastry, and tiny Midge the miller is bolting flour for bread—fare-wel—every one to their vocations; you to amorous dalliance, I to see pretty Stella twining flowers round the bridle garland. *[Exit.]*

Clorinda. Poor John's deeply smitten—Heigh ho! *(Sighs.)*

Robin. That was a sigh of grief—Are you not well? Chearly, chearly. Come we will dispute on love, my sweet heart.

Clorinda. On love we must ever agree: But I would consult with you on your honour—remind you of your own value. Your king has been insulted by an enemy; and will you, my sweet Robin, boasting the blood of Huntingdon and Warwick, endowed with those noble qualities, Courage and Generosity, neglect the duty you owe your country, consuming life and reputation within the sequestered shades of a forest.

Robin. You know the wrongs I have suffered—My services overlooked; banished on a false accusation; stigmatiz'd with the imputation of a rebellious spirit;
and

and even you, my betrothed wife, forced from my arms.

Clorinda. Consider, Robin, when our country is in danger, all offences should be absolved; the remembrance of all injuries be forgotten; all parties should unite; every heart pant, and every arm act for her honour and defense. Robin, postpone our nuptials till reconciled to your sovereign; I would marry the leader of an army—not the captain of an outlawed band.

Robin. She shakes my soul—I will put her heart to the test (*aside*). I am determined here to spend my days—here to live as I have done—this you fear—this has shaken your constancy.

Clorinda. To doubt my truth is ungenerous. Your fate is mine. But hear me——

Robin. Will you be ever ready, with bended bow, to watch an outlaw and defend his life? Can you support the vicissitudes of seasons—endure the scorching heat and cramping cold? Lodge on the chill ground, and depend for food upon the casualties of the chase?

Clorinda. All this could I bear, and even more with thee! but hear me——

Robin. Suppose my affection cooled to thee, and warmed by the beauty of another object—could you with calmness see her supply your place?

Clorinda. O, Robin! the sight would wound my heart, but not decrease my love!

Robin. Dearer than life! what, suffer this for me? Command my pride, my affections—Oh! thou hast soothed my resentments—conquered them—hath roused my loyalty—thy patriot flame now blazes in my bosom. Yes, *Clorinda*, I will join my country's arms, and head my merry men. But what has my country to fear? While English-women thus inspire sentiments of public virtue, loyalty, and honour, the number of our enemies will but increase our victories.

A I R.

As burns the charger when he hears
 The trumpet's martial sound ;
 Eager to scour the field he rears,
 And spurns th' indented ground ;
 He snuffs the air, erects his flowing mane,
 Scents the big war, and sweeps along the plain.
 Impatient thus my ardent soul
 Bounds forth on wings of wind,
 And spurns the moments as they roll
 With lagging pace behind. [Exit.]

Clorinda. Poor Robin ! I touched him nearly—but
 he made my heart bleed in return.

Enter ALLEN and STELLA.

Stella, well met, I hear terrible complaints of you,
 child.

Stella. Of me, lady—

Clorinda. Yes, of you, lady. John says you are
 cruel, flinty-hearted, and ill-natured.

Allen. And I know he loves her, though too modest
 to urge his suit.

Stella. Loves me ! Then indeed he never told me
 so ; and I rather think he fears me. He approaches
 me with a cautious step, then looks at me with a cunning
 eye—so—and when he gives me any thing, if
 his hand should but touch mine, la, la, he trembles
 just as if I was a wild beast. But I will tell you a
 secret,

Clorinda. A secret ! O mercy, let us hear it.

Stella. I fear I have done a wrong thing. Scarlet
 has been at our cottage, and he swore so much, I
 promised to meet him here.

Allen. That was wrong indeed ! Never forget, my
 dear sister, that to preserve character, we should avoid
 even the appearance of imprudence ; a wound on the
 character of a young female, like an incision on the
 bark of a tree, expands with maturity.

Clorinda.

Clorinda. And I have heard that this same Scarlet, with all his foppery; is an insinuating, designing fellow; and that more than one unhappy maid mourns his treachery.

Allen. It is true; Lady Martha, one of Stella's fairest companions, is now a wanderer through the Forest, lamenting and upbraiding, in all the horror of melancholy madness, her own weakness, and the wickedness of her seducer. Take example by her, dear Stella,

A I R.

Once she was, though now she's sad,
As the springing season glad,
E'er beheld in its domain;
Or fair Summer in her train;
Or rich Autumn in his year:
Sing she could as sky-lark clear,
E'er, alas! with grief to tell,
Into ways of shame she fell.

Now her burthens constantly,
"Pity me, maids, pity me;
"Pity me, a ruin'd maid,
"Pining in the cypress shade."

Woods that wave o'er mountain tops,
O'er whose moss the titmouse hops,
Tell her tale to rustling gales;
Fountains weep it through the vales;
And, with her own sorrow faint
Sighing Echo joins the plaint.
Martha fair, for ever sad,
Wanders melancholy mad,

And thus sings she bitterly:
"Pity me, maids, pity me;
"Pity me, a ruin'd maid,
"Pining in the cypress shade."

[Exit.]

Enter JOHN.

John. Robin—fair Lady—blefs me—(*Surprized at seeing STELLA.*)

Stella. You fee I told you truth—He is always frightened at me.

John. I am not frightened—I do not know how it is, but—as I was going to tell you, one of our scouts brings word that the bifhop of Hereford has raifed his men, and is now at Nottingham, with intention to attack the foreft in the morning.

Clorinda. I'll to my Robin. John, I have been fpeaking to Stella. She has no diflike to you. What fay you, Stella, inftead of being my bridemaids, will you be a bride yourfelf?

Stella. Heigh ho! my poor heart!

John. Heigh ho! O my poor heart!

Clorinda. Farewel, I leave you together; and, John, take care, make the beft ufe of your time, you know you have a rival; and this fame love is a fantaftical paffion, a riddle which the wifeft cannot refolve.

A I R.

The flame of love affuages
When once it is reveal'd;
But fiercer ftill it rages
The more it is conceal'd.

Consenting makes it colder,
When met it will retreat;
Repulfes make it bolder,
And dangers make it fweet.

[*Exit.*

John. Hem.

Stella. Heigh ho! Margery.

John. I have fhoot the firft arrow. (*Aside*)

Stella. Are you there, John?

John. Yes, Stella:—Courage, John, Courage
(*Aside.*)
Stella.

Stella. Do you speak to me, John?

John. There is nobody else here, Stella:—I, I, I would—

Stella. La! what would you do?

John. I love you more than—

Stella. More than what?

John. More than the ewe loves her lamb, the doe her fawn, or the dove her mate; I love thee a thousand times better than I love myself.

Stella. And what then?

John. Love me in return.

Stella. And if I should, what follows?

John. We should do as our parents did before us—marry.

Stella. La! that word marry, is enough to frighten poor little Cupid out of the Forest: married folks seldom agree—there is George-a-Green abused his wife in the honey moon, and struck her before the end of the year; to be sure she has a tongue, and a way of flinging things at his head.—

John. We should have none of this work, Stella; though such domestic breezes are as necessary in some families as thunder storms in hot weather; the one clears the house of foul language, and the other frees the air of foul vapours.

Stella. Then, John, my brother says I am too young; though I want only eleven months, one week and two days of eighteen. But how should we maintain ourselves?

John. Prudent soul; how she looks forward to a young family!—I will maintain you by my wit, my girl; a means by which many great folks hold up their heads; besides, I have goods and chattels, all the furniture you have seen in my cottage shall be yours; and egad I will throw all you have not seen into the bargain.

Stella. Thank you from my heart, John—and in return, all I possess is at your service.

John. Honestly spoken; so thus I sieze upon the fruits of your father's industry, and your mother's labour. (*Kisses her.*)

Friar. (*Within*) This way—this way—

Stella. Mercy! here are some men coming.

John. Who in the name of Old Nick are they? Let us stand side and see.

Enter FRIAR, SCARLET, and two ARCHERS.

Friar. See, gentlemen, the bishop of Hereford will not come alone; the King's forces join him, and you can have no chance from opposition; so convey me to Nottingham, and I'll insure pardon to every man who accompanies me.

Scarlet. What say you, lads?

1st. Archer. We will follow the fortunes of our Captain.

2d. Archer. But can we in conscience desert our Captain.

Friar. No more about conscience.—But come, I'll put it to the trial, and here is the ordeal, (*takes out a purse*); here is the general absolution that salves our consciences.—This opens and shuts the mouths of the most vociferous orators, blinds the eyes of the church, deafens the ears of magistrates, obliterates the judgment of the law, arrests the arm of justice, and dries up the fountains of mercy. How feels your conscience now?

Archer. It tells me I am in duty bound to obey my spiritual pastor.

Friar. Religiously spoken. Here, take the fuller's earth that removes all stains. [*Gives money.*]

Scarlet. Friar, I want no money; my terms are these: This night I keep watch with my friends; now, when our company is asleep, we will seize upon Stella, carry her off, and thus reward myself.

John. I'll take care of that, you treacherous rascal. Here's for you, sanctified devil (*Knocks down the Friar with his pole, then draws his sword*; Scarlet also draws: — the

the Archers run off.) And now for you, good Master Scarlet, whom I shall in a few minutes case—close as a hare—Yes, I'll skin and carbonade you, you dog.

Scarlet. Come on.—

Stella. (*Runs between them.*) Help! Murder! Help!

Enter ALLEN and ARCHERS; they seize SCARLET and the FRIAR. STELLA runs to JOHN.

John. Is this the return for the hospitable reception our Captain gave you? [*To the Friar.*

Friar. Bring me before your Captain, that is all I desire.

John. As for you, rascal, you shall die like a traitor. [*To Scarlet.*

Allen. Say, what is the matter?

John. This hypocritical Friar I have discovered in the very act of bribing our men to desert with him to Nottingham, for the purpose of betraying us; and Scarlet here was to carry off your sister Stella.

Allen. We will not disturb brave Robin with them now. Let them be confined close prisoners till morning.

Friar. I submit, but do not use me ill; for remember, no man ever injured the church with impunity.

[*Exit Friar and Scarlet, guarded.*

Allen. It was luck'ly, John, that you were so near.

Stella. It was indeed. He once saved my life, and now preserved my honour.

Allen. Which entitles him to your heart. (*Horns*) But, hark! the merry Archers are returning from the evening's chace.

Enter ARCHERS descending from winding hills at the further part of the Stage.

G L E E.

Hark! the leafy woods resounding

Echo to the bugle-horn;

Swift the stag with vigor bounding,

Leaps the break, and clears the thorn.

Ev'ry

Ev'ry heart his cunning trying,
 Shafts arrest his eager flight;
 High he leaps, the hounds full crying,
 Now he's vanish'd from our sight.

Twanging bows with death pursuing,
 Now he rears and turns his head,
 Bays the dogs; but nought from ruin,
 Nought can save—he falls—he's dead!

Sound the horn, huzza in chorus,
 We are free from care, my boys;
 Rural pleasures lie before us,
 Health, and length, and strength of joys.

A C T III.

SCENE, *a deep view of the Forest; dark; RUTTEKIN discovered sitting cross-legg'd.*

RUTTEKIN.

SO, after all my boasting, I have lost my way; but that is common with men of genius, and women of genius too. There is your great orator; he often leaves the plain road of truth, to wander in the labyrinth of falsehood. Then your prude, perhaps, after walking years in the straight paths of virtue, trips in her gait, and, stumbling, falls upon a bed of thorns. “ Few people pursue the tract Nature designed them—
 “ therefore we find politicians without brains, magistrates without justice, noblemen without honour,
 “ traders without honesty, philosophers without morality, and churchmen without religion..”——

Annette. (Within.) Hilloa! hilloa!

Ruttek. Here comes some shepherd's boy, bleating like one of his lambs.

Enter

Enter ANNETTE.

Annette. Mercy ! how dark !

[*Ruttek.* Hilloa !—

Annette. Heaven preserve me !—Pity me, if you are a human creature.

Ruttek. I am a human creature, but with an appetite keen as a wolf.

Annette. Sure you are the tinker I met this morning !

Ruttek. Right, my little popping-jay ; but where is your companion ?

Annette. I have lost him in the Forest ; help me to seek him, and he shall reward you liberally.

Ruttek. Reward me ! give me your hand—Reward me !—I have been out, I find, in my road, but not in my reckoning. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANGELINA.

A I R.

The morn, who night adorning,

In silver vestments bound,

Retires, that ruddy morning

May breathe her sweets around.

Edwin thus beguiling,

With eyes illum'd and smiling,

Soft maidens' hearts delighting,

Ev'ry soul cou'd move ;

But I this treasure slighting,

In darkness seek my love !

Euter RUTTEKIN and ANNETTE at a distance.

Annette. It is my master's voice.—Speak, Sir, I am here.

Ruttek. Yes, your man is here, please your honour, and him with a tinker, who brought him to you—but not for the sake of the reward he promised.

Angelina I am fatigued with wandering through this Forest, so dark and dreary.

Ruttek.

Ruttek. It is a fashionable situation, your honour; most of our great folks are bewildered, or in the dark.

Angelina. Do you live in the Forest, Sir?

Ruttek. No; I starve in the Forest, Sir.

Annette. Are there any inhabitants to be found here, Master Tinker?

Ruttek. Yes, bucks and does in plenty; as many horned cattle as any city can boast. I am now in search of a hermit, with an invitation to Robin Hood's wedding, which is to be celebrated in the morning.

Annette. Your cousin Clorinda, you hear, has not stood upon punctilio.

Angelina. Well, Sir, permit us to accompany you in search of this same hermit.—I am very weak, (*leans on Annette*) but feel most for you, my faithful companion; for myself no misery is too great. (*Nightingale sings.*)

Annette. Hark! I hear the harbinger of love! A happy omen!

Angelina. It is indeed the nightingale!

Ruttek. Yes, and presently you will hear the screech-owl. (*Bell tolls.*)

Annette. There goes the curfew of some neighbouring town; the sound comes from the left,—Tinker, lead on.

Angelina. O my ruined love!

Annette. You did not ruin him, he was very poor!

Angelina. Peace: He was rich in virtues; wealth nor power were not his, it is true; but he had wisdom, truth, and generosity—those should have been all to me.

Ruttek. Come, gentlefolks, I wait.

Annette. We come, tinker.—Pray do not weep.

(*To Angelina.*)

Angelina. Yes, weep for ever, though in vain. Not all the dew of heaven can revive the cropped violet.

Ruttek. Pr'ythee, mend your pace; this wood is haunted by the ghosts of gibbeted thieves, and murdered travellers.—Bless me! I heard a noise—no; it was the wind. Robin Goodfellow and his brother fairies

ries have been often seen here!—Lift! I hear a rustling in the bushes—some cut-throat, no doubt.

Annette. Why tremble so? [*Holding him*

Ruttek. I tremble, thou aguish aspin! (*Shaking.*)—Sir, do you not hear the devil, or some evil spirit?

[*To Angelina.*

Annette. Some one approaches—and see yonder a glimmering light sparkles in the dark, perhaps in some cottage window.

Ruttek. Yes, and it moves this way, house and all.

EDWIN appears at the upper end of the Stage with a Lantern.

Angelina. Heaven preserve us!

Ruttek. And forgive us our sins.—O my poor conscience! The poultry I have stolen are pecking at it, and the lambs baaing in my ears.

Annette. Silence, coward!

Ruttek. I am dumb.—But who ever looked on the devil without quaking?—No, it is not the devil, but a ghost or hobgoblin.—Nay, it is the devil too, for I his great saucer eyes blazing with blue fire!

Angelina. Peace, coward! perhaps some benighted traveller, like ourselves.

Ruttek. It is the devil, I say; look at his cloven feet, great horns, and monstrous nostrils!—I'll to prayers.— [*Kneels,*

Edwin. O my heart!—

Ruttek. It is a broken hearted poor devil too.

Annette. Indeed that was a bitter sigh.

Angelina. I felt it in my bosom.

Edwin. How dark and still the night!—how suited to the situation of my soul! Oh Love, Love! why present her image to my mind, whose chilling breath froze my fond youthful hopes, and sunk me to despair?

BALLAD.

Since all my hopes, dear maid,
 Are blown to air,
 And my fond heart's betrayed
 To sad despair;
 Here in this wilderness
 My sorrows I'll rehearse,
 And thy hard-heartedness,
 Thou cruel fair.

" Wild fruits shall be my meat;
 " I'll drink the spring;
 " Cold earth shall be my seat;
 " For covering
 " I'll have the starry sky
 " My head to canopy,
 " Until my soul on high
 " Doth take her wing."

No bell, no fun'ral fire,
 No tears for me;
 No grave do I desire,
 Nor obsequy.
 The gentle red-breast, he
 With leaves will cover me,
 And sing my elegy
 Most dolefully.

Ruttek. You may sing, Oh be joyful! this certainly
 is the Hermit. *[Goes toward Edwin.]*

Edwin. Stand off.—Who are you?

Ruttek. Zounds! it is not the Hermit!

Edwin. Speak, I say; you have no injury to fear
 from me.

Annette. We are two young Pilgrims, who have lost
 our way, and wander in the horrors of the Forest.

Ruttek. And a poor Tinker, almost famished to
 death.

Angelena.

Angelina. Who calls upon your compassion to guide their wearied steps to some hospitable cottage!

Edwin. Your voice breathes gentleness—your hand young man.—The day already breaks—my cell is near, where you may rest in safety: simple fare, and a couch of rushes, are at your service.

Ruttek. Poor souls! the lantern you carry in your poop frightened them out of their wits; they took you one time for a ghost; then for a hobgoblin; then for a Will-o'-th'-Wisp; and at last, for the Devil himself! Heaven bless us! though I did all I could to encourage them, I shall never forget how they shook.

Annette. Nor I how you confessed stealing the poultry and lambs.

Edwin. Come on, I'll lead the way, and if free from that tyrant passion, Love, my habitation may ensure you a comfortable repose.

Angelina. Oh, my heart!

Edwin. Grief I perceive sits heavy on your mind, and weighs your spirits down; you mourn a broken fortune, a false friendship, or a deserted love.

Angelina. Gentle hermit, broken fortune, nor false friendship are not the causes of my melancholy.

(*Exeunt Edwin and Angelina.*)

Ruttek. No, we mourn empty bellies, my ribs stick as close together as the two shells of an oyster. Come, out with your purse, youngster: the reward, the reward.

Annette. Reward! a sound beating is the proper reward for a coward; besides, thou art a liar for denying thy cowardice, and a rogue for demanding what you have no right to.

Ruttek. The very reasons why I should have my reward; you see my garments are as seedy as a gingerbread cake; out at the elbows like a poet; so since I am a rogue and a liar, and ragged withal, give me the money lad, that I may get out of my bad habits.

Annette. Here, sirrah: (*gives money.*) This can procure you every thing but that you want most, honesty.

Rutteken. Never mind that : heaven bless him who makes me a rich rogue. O that I was now in Robin Hood's bower ; it is there where plenty reigns, and good cheer keeps revel, and by this time the bridal breakfast is preparing.

A I R.

Gently burns the greenwood fire,
Lay the venison down to roast ;
Dress it quickly I desire,
In the dripping put a toast :
Hark ! I hear the jack go round ;
O the venison's nicely brown'd !

Green-geese, ducklings, juicy meat ;
Capon, widgeon, partridge, quail ;
Pies, tarts, dumplings, puddings sweet ;
Peas and beans, and butter'd kale ;
Spices hunger to create ;
O ye Gods ! how I should eat !

On the table dinner lies,
See the charming white and red ;
Cut it up, the gravy flies,
On the sweetest grass it fed.
Hark ! I hear the jack go round ;
Oh the venison's nicely brown'd !

See they spread the lilly cloth,
Knives are sharp and forks are clean ;
Pickles crisp, and fallads both,
Now appear so fresh and green ;
With strong beer, old ale and wine,
O, ye Gods ! how I should dine !

[Exit.

SCENE, *Outside of the Huts.* Enter JOHN, BOWMAN
and ARCHERS.

Bowman. Well John, his reverence the Bishop of Hereford has not ventured to attack us.

John.

John. No: he waits the return of our prisoner, the Curtle Friar, who I am convinced is his spy; but Robin will truss him up, "and he is right, I have no notion of spiritual pastors laying aside the keys of Saint Peter, to take up the sword of Saint Paul."

Bowman. Right, John.—

John. But let me tell you, all our cares are at an end: Clorinda has persuaded Robin to make proper concessions to the King, and join him in drubbing the enemy. He will be Earl of Huntingdon again: I'll be a Knight, Stella a Lady, and you a 'Squire; but this is losing time. Let the prisoners be brought forward: (*Exit an Archer*) we will first dispatch them, and then all get as mad as so many March hares.

Enter ARCHER, carrying a large Gothic Chair: Archers.

John. Fix the bench of justice here, which is made of Yew, signifying the bitterness of judgment, We should have tried this wicked priest and our treacherous companion before day, but judicial proceedings ought never to be carried on in the dark.

Bowman. Nor in twilight, John; therefore we English hate Star-chamber business. But it is now broad light, shall we proceed?

John. Yes: but first bring me in the robes and coif, we stripped from the learned Serjeant of the law, on his way to the parvise. (*Exit Archer.*) A judge might as well appear without his head as without his robe; for professional wisdom consists much in looking grave.

Enter ARCHER with Robe and Coif.

John. (*Puts on the robes.*) Great knowledge and *pocus pocus* lie deposited under this coif. Now I am equipt in the uniform of the courts, and qualified to hear and determine causes. (*Sits.*) Do I look wise?—

Bowman. Aye, as wise as an owl at midnight—So wise, were you to appear in Westminster-hall, on a call of Serjeants, the judges might cry out, "I spy a brother!"

John.

John. Order in the prisoners and witnesses.—Though to be sure I am acquainted with the whole case myself; but then, being a judge, I must know nothing but what comes out in evidence.

Bowman. Shall we impanel a jury?

John. A jury! Pish, no: where is the necessity? Juries follow the direction of the court: yet we may as well have one for form's sake. Range yourselves Archers for the jury. (*The Archers range themselves in a row.*) Now bring in the prosecutors and the prosecutors.

Enter FRIAR and SCARLET, bound.

John. Why are the prisoners bound? For shame, Bowman! A man upon his trial should be perfectly at ease in his body, that he may have the free use of his mind. (*The prisoners are unbound.*) Now carry away the ropes; the sight of the halters may be offensive, or raise a fellow-feeling, and disturb some of the jury. Command silence.

Bowman. Silence!

John. You father Tuck, and you William Scarlet, stand charged with carrying on a correspondence with the Bishop of Hereford, and an intention to betray us, Lords and Yeomen of the Forest, into his hands.

Bowman. How say you, William Scarlet; guilty or not guilty.

Scarlet. Not guilty.

John. Not guilty! Say so again, you damned dog, and you shall be hanged without further trial, as a notorious liar.—Will you challenge any of the jury?

Scarlet. You know, John, I'd fight the best of them.

John. Fight the best of you: he don't understand the term; but, gentlemen, it is legal practice that the prisoner should be ignorant of the proceedings carried on against him.

(*To the Archers.*)

Scarlet. Will you listen to reason?

John. Listen to reason! No, sirrah, not on the part of the prisoner: I sit here as a judge of law, not of reason!

reason; besides, I have four reasons for hanging you. First, you must be hanged, because I am not to sit here for nothing: secondly, you must be hanged, because you have nobody to stand up for you: thirdly, you must be hanged, because you appear in *forma pauperis* without money; and, fourthly, you must be hanged, because you have a damned hanging look. Gentlemen, I have finished my charge.

Bowman. Gentlemen of the jury, are you agreed? Is the prisoner guilty, or not guilty?

Archer. Guilty.

Bowman. Put him bye. Stand forward, Friar. Friar Tuck, are you guilty or not guilty?

Friar. Guilty.

John. The first truth I believe you ever told.

Friar. May I speak.

John. Not after conviction—Take him away,

(The Archers seize him)

Friar. One word——

John. Stop his mouth.—

Friar. I plead my clergy.

John. Plead your clergy!—The devil you do?—Oh, ho!——Gentlemen of the Jury, this is point of law, and must be left to Robin Hood. I shall only observe, that it is really a strange doctrine, that men of the church and men of letters, should commit with impunity crimes for which other men suffer without mercy.

Enter ROBIN, CLORINDA, and STELLA.

Robin. John you are early at duty.

John. Yes, Justice should never sleep.

Robin. True, John, nor should Mercy ever close her eyes.

Clorinda. That sentiment breathes philanthropy. How this, uncle? I have persuaded my Robin to sue his Sovereign for grace. *(Aside.)*

Friar. Then procure my dismissal, and all is well. *(Aside.)*

Clorinda. May I interfere?——

John.

John. The business is over, madam, we have fully convicted the prisoners: will you pronounce judgment on the Friar? (*To Robin.*) Shall we hang him up, or cut him down?

Robin. We will leave him, John, to the accusations of his own conscience; a severer punishment than any we can inflict. Your profession, Sir, should have taught you principles of honour.

John. Principles of honour!—You mistake your man: this fellow is one of those itinerant mendicants who travel the country, and ripen in the sunshine of public charity, producing very little devotion, with a plentiful crop of sensuality.

Friar. Will you dismiss me?

John. Yes, to the other world.

Robin. Prudence will justify my inflicting on you the severest punishment; but humanity forbids it. Go to the proud bishop of Hereford, and tell him, an outlaw instructed a church-man, by example, that charity which he should practice as well as teach.

Friar. I obey; and your message shall be delivered literally. But be assured, when next we meet, you shall not have all the advantage; I will have ample satisfaction for this generosity.

Robin. Bowman, order him safe conduct through the Forest.—(*Exeunt Friar and Bowman.*)—And now for you, Sir, (*To Scarlet*) your ingratitude hurts me, and your base intent upon this innocent girl I cannot forgive: “for, let me tell you, Sir, there does not
“ exist a greater wretch than he, who, by persuasion
“ and perjury, seduce to shame the object of his
“ passion.”

John. “I know of none greater, except the villain
“ who, having ruined, abandons.”

Stella. Might I implore his pardon, on condition—

Robin. What is the condition, Stella?

Stella. That he marries poor Martha, She is just now returned to her mother's cottage, overwhelmed with grief.

Robin

Robin. This, if he performs, shall again restore him to the Forest——(*Exit Scarlet.*)——Come, girls, the morning is fine, and we shall rouse a stag before breakfast.

Stella. “You’ll excuse me; I never found pleasure in worrying animals innocent as they are beautiful; and who have neither cunning to avoid nor courage to face their pursuers.” [*Exit.*]

Clorinda. Robin, lead on; I’ll accompany you and your merry archers to the chase.

A I R.

When ruddy *Aurora* awakens the day,
And bright dew-drops impearl the flow’rs so gay
Sound, sound, my stout archers! sound horns and
away,

With arrows sharp pointed we go.
See *Sol* now appearing in splendor so bright,
IO PÆAN! for *Phœbus*, who leads to delight,
All glorious in beauty he rises to fight;
’Tis he, boys, is God of the bow.

Sweet roses we’ll offer at *Venus’s* shrine,
Libations we’ll pour to *Bacchus’s* divine,
While mirth, love, and pleasure, in junction combine,
For archers, true sons of the game!
Bid sorrow, adieu! in soft numbers we’ll sing
Love, friendship, and beauty, shall make the air ring,
Wishing health and success to our country and King.
Encrease to their honour and fame. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, the inside of *EDWIN’s* cave; a rustic altar with a wooden cross, and a death’s-head. *RUTTEKIN* sleeping on a truss of rushes: *ANGELINA* and *ANNETTE* sitting at a table.

Angelina. Here should I wish to take up my abode, and like the benevolent hermit of this cell, exhaust my days in prayers and repentance. (*Rises.*)

Annette. He sometimes sighs as bitterly as yourself.
H *Angelina.*

Angelina. Oh, there is no grief like mine! Reflect on the man I loved!—Not the sweets of opening blossom, refined by the dew of heaven, could emulate the purity of his mind.—The dew, the blossom, the sweets were his! but woe to me! the inconstancy of their charms was mine.

Enter EDWIN.

Edwin. Hail, my youthful guests! I hope this humble cell has afforded you comfort?

Angelina. We owe you grateful thanks.

Edwin. The morning sun has pierced the Forest's gloom, and glitters on the dew; the feather'd choristers chaunt their mattins to that bounteous power which gave them being; and nature seems alive to love and chearfulness; while man, ungrateful man alone! overlooks those blessings which the all-wise, the all-benignant hand of Heaven daily pours on him.

[*Walks to Ruttekin.*

Angelina. What persuasive melody breathes in his voice!

Annette. I could hear him preach for an hour. Pity so sensible, so young and clever a man should turn Hermit.

Edwin. See where this fool, improvident of time, shrouded in temporary death, dozes through life, and indolently loses Heaven's most precious gifts, the exercise of thought and reason. Awake! awake, sluggard! the morning wears apace.

Ruttek. Why disturb me?—Yet, by my appetite it is time to rise.

Edwin. Young Pilgrim, my heart participates the grief that evidently afflicts you, and my soul vibrates with those involuntary sighs you in vain attempt to suppress. Tell me whence flow your sorrows. (*Takes Angelina by the hand.*) This soft hand has not long grasped a pilgrim's staff.

Angelina. Oh, my love-worn heart!

Edwin. Is love the bane that cankers thy young breast? Hapless youth! Some proud, some faithless woman has destroyed your peace.

Angelina.

Angelina. Forgive the rudeness of a stranger, whose unhallowed feet intrudes where Heaven and you reside.

Edwin. Let me know your story.—Beshrew his heart who injured you! By Heaven I pity, and would redress your wrongs.

Angelina. You feel too much for me. I have been cruel, ungrateful.—Methinks I could confide in you.—Let us retire, and, as you wish to know my story, I will unbosom my heart to you in full confession, and follow your advice.

A I R.

Bright Sol now darts on yielding night
 His beams of orient light;
 He speeds his fiery race
 O'er fields of azure space,
 Whilst I am wretched and forlorn,
 He still returns to bless the morn!
 Once, ah! once I rose, free as the sun,
 Each day smiling gay and bright,
 Life elating,
 Joy creating,
 Smiling peace and soft delight
 Crown'd the day, and bless'd the night.

[*Exeunt Angelina and Edwin.*]

Ruttek. Tell me, youngster, what crime has this master of yours committed? Something terrible, for his conscience is most horribly haunted.

Annette. But not with the ghosts of poultry or young lambs, master Tinker.

Ruttek. No more of that, if you love me—But say, where are you come from?

Annette. We, as you may perceive by this badge, fought in the holy wars.

Ruttek. That was pious; you cut the throats of the Pagans for the honour of Heaven, and the good of your own souls.

Annette. In one engagement my master split a Vizier to the chine, and I cut down a Bashaw of three tails.

Ruttek. Ha! ha! He was devil of a Bashaw!—And you cut off his tails!

Annette. True; but it being our misfortune to be taken prisoners, we were carried to the house of a Musti, where my master falling in love with the Musti's wife, and being discovered by him in the lady's apartment, to save himself, he stabbed the old fellow to the heart.

Ruttek. That was right; it was serving Heaven to kill a Turk.

Annette. We fled of course; and, after long wandering, came to a sea-port, where we took shipping, and at last arrived in Old England.

Ruttek. And pray now, had you any love-affair upon your hands?

Annette.—Certainly—I intrigued in the seraglio of a Janissary, who had a wife for every week, and a concubine for every day in the year.

Ruttek. O, poor fellow! he had an almanack full of them. But I cannot help laughing at a fellow with such a pigmy person and squeak-pipe voice getting among so many women.

Annette. Why, sirrah, wherever I travel, hundreds solicit my favours; but I am cruel, except to one maid only.

A I R.

My name is little Harry-O,
 Mary I will marry-O
 In spite of Nell, or Isabel,
 I'll follow my own vagary-O.
 With my rigdum jigdum airy-O,
 I love little Mary-O,
 In spite of Nell,
 Or Isabel,
 I'll follow my own vagary-O.
 Smart she is and bonny-O,
 Sweet as sugar candy-O;

Fresh

Fresh and gay,
 As flow'rs in May,
 And I'm her Jack-a-dandy-O.
 With my, &c.
 Soon to church I'll have her-O,
 Where we'll wed together-O;
 And that, that done,
 Then we'll have fun,
 In spite of wind and weather-O.
 With my rigdum jigdum airy-O,
 I love little Mary-O;
 In spite of Nell,
 Or Isabel,
 I'll follow my own vagary-O.

Enter EDWIN and ANGELINA from the cave.

Edwin. And is it—O Heaven!—Is it my love, my Angelina!——

Angelina. I am your love indeed. [*They embrace.*

Ruttek. That is natural; after high words, they fall to wrestling.

Annette. Yes, and the hermit will probably get the better of the pilgrim.

Angelina. Annette, Annette, I have found my love, my Edwin!——Oh, that I should not know thee?—But three years absence, grief, and the hermit's habit, have caused the change. I have felt, for three long years, my spirit pine through weeping hours; but now thy smile lights up my mind, and all my sorrows vanish like a fleeting dream.

Edwin. Thou art altered too; the rose of beauty is opened into bloom.—Here I could gaze, and feast my eyes for ever!——

Ruttek. But, Sir, we cannot all partake of that breakfast; so let us have something more solid.

Annette. Peace, idiot!——Sir, I wish you happiness: this meeting has saved us a long journey; we were on our way to the Holy Land.

Angelina.

Angelina. We were indeed! I had resolved to find thee, Edwin, or perish in the attempt.

Edwin. Let us to the merry archers.—The brave Earl of Huntingdon is my friend, and will share my felicity.

D U E T.

EDWIN.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign.

ANGELINA.

And shall we never, never part,
My life, my all that's mine!

BOTH.

No; never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true,
The sigh that rends the constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too; }
Breaks Angelina's too. }

[*Exeunt Angelina and Edwin.*]

Ruttek. So you are a woman, he, he, he: what a confounded fool have I been not to discover it sooner—Then, O mercy! what a legion of lies you have been telling about the Bashaw, the Musti, the Grand Vizier, the Jannissary, their wives, their concubines, and their tails——What think you of me?

Annette. Tolerable enough, as a tinker; but most abominably as a man.—

Ruttek. They are going to—to—to—marry.

Annette. What then?

Ruttek. I have a great mind to pop the question to her—So I will—No, I wont (*aside*)—Tell me, thou silver skinned lass with the golden locks, will you?—

Annette. What?

Ruttek. Nothing—Yes—but I'll tell you as we trip along will—Never saw a girl better made for carrying a tinker's budget.—But come, now for the marriage festival.

A I R.

We'll to the bow'r of Robin Hood,
 This is the wedding day ;
 And merrily in blithe Sherwood,
 Bridesmaids and bridesmen play.
 Then follow me, my bonny lass
 And we'll the pastimes see ;
 For the minstrels sing,
 And the sweet bells ring,
 And they feast right merrily, merrily.

The humming beer flows round in pails,
 With mead that's stout and old ;
 And am'rous virgins tell love tales,
 To thaw the heart that's cold.
 Then follow, me, &c.

There dancing sprightly on the green,
 Each light-foot lad and lass ;
 Sly stealing kisses when unseen,
 And jingling glafs with glafs.
 Then follow me, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to the outside of* ROBIN HOOD's bower.

Enter JOHN, SCARLET, and STELLA.

Scarlet. Allen, your forgiveness makes me your friend for ever ; and believe, me, John, you have my warmest thanks : in protecting female innocence, you only performed a duty incumbent on every man. But how can I ever expiate the injury I intended you, fair Stella ?

Stella. Your promise of marriage to poor weeping Martha, proves your repentance ; and I not only forgive, but will, as far as possible, forget your transgression.

Scarlet. Then I am satisfied.—From this day, Martha shall find me kind and constant, and in promoting her happiness, I'll secure my own.

Stella Your conversation makes us all happy, as far as it is possible for us to be so.

A I R.

A. I. R.

Hark! the warbling choir sings,
 Hark! the azure welkin rings,
 Hills with joy resound;
 Cowslips glad the laughing fields,
 Fragrant thyme its odour yields,
 Violets breathe around.

Elms their verdant honour spread,
 Dew-drops gild the mossy bed,
 Daisies bloom among;
 Soft and joyous through the skies,
 Thousand sprightly voices rise,
 Echo joins the song.

Blissfull scenes soon pass away,
 Pride's the glimmer of a day,
 Flies on rapid wing;
 Learn to know, vain mortal man,
 Fleeting life is but a span,
 Emblem of the spring.

Enter RUTTEKIN

Ruttekin. Save you, gentle folks.—Here am I returned with my stomach hollow as an empty sauce-pan. The hermit is arrived, and with him two strangers. Where is madam Clorinda? where is bold Robin? Here is a fine Lord, with a brave train, just alighted — Lord a' mercy on us! — Where are all the Archers? Where is John, Scarlet, &c? — Here, here — this way, this way. [*All hurry off.*]

Flourish. The SCENE draws, and discovers the inside of ROBIN'S bower; the FRIAR dressed as Baron FITZ-HERBERT, CLORINDA, ANGELINA, STELLA, ALLEN, ANNETTE, &c.

Clorinda. My dear uncle, you have performed your promise nobly.

Fitz-

Pitzherbert. I am no longer a tipling curtel Friar but Baron Fitzherbert; and behold my credentials. (*Takes out a parchment.*)—His Majesty's free pardon to all within the Forest.

John. Mercy! What virtue lies in a piece of parchment with a bit of wax to it!

Fitz. Your humanity and benevolence have obliterated from the royal breast every remembrance of resentment. I have it in command to invest you with your former dignities, honours, manors, and castles; and now salute you Robert Earl of Huntingdon.

John. Now I like this—But what preferment, place, or pension, have you got for me?

Fitz. As you are a judge, John, chuse for yourself—Will you be hanged up or cut down?—Nay, no answer after conviction, or I shall produce four reasons.

John. A fig for your reasons!—Here is my sugar plumb. [*Takes Stella by the hand.*]

Fitz. Clorinda, I bestow you on Robin with all my heart; and to you, my daughter, I present your faithful lover.—And may beauty and virtue ever reward constancy.

Robin. The royal bounty overpowers me, and your goodness softens my heart, even to infant tenderness. This day we dedicate to love.—To-morrow I will re-assume my station, and, in the service of my King and Country lead my merry archers to victory.

F I N A L E.

SCARLET and STELLA.

Let the music sprightly play,
This is Hymen's holiday;
Smiling virtues him await,
Guardian of the married state.

CHORUS. Let the music, &c.

Roseat God of soft desire,
Mirth and wit, and song inspire:
Each fond heart elate with joy,
Honest love can never cloy.

CHORUS. Let the, &c.

I

ANGELINA

ANGELINA *and* EDWIN.

Dimpled Innocence appear,
 Free from sorrow, void of fear;
 Thy fair sister bring with thee,
 Captivating Modesty.

CHORUS. Let the, &c.

C A T C H.

FRIAR, RUTTEKIN, *and* JOHN.

Fill the foaming horn up high,
 Nor let tuneful lips be dry;
 Let the blushing goblet smile,
 Blood-red wine our cares beguile.

ROBIN *and* CLORINDA.

Strains of liberty we'll sing,
 To our Country, Queen, and King,
 To those friends, who sit here
 With their smiles our bosoms cheer.

CHORUS, Strains of &c.

F I N I S.

Gaylord

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